

# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

No. 3. [NEW SERIES.]

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VOL. III.

## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,  
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

## FOND MEMORIALS.

THE custom which has long subsisted, and even at present subsists, in some parts of England, as well as of Wales, of planting evergreens round the graves, has been frequently touched upon, and has appeared to charm the fancy of the poet, as well as the heart of the man of sensibility. It is one indeed which is singularly pleasing, and is calculated to nourish the most delightful sensations of which perhaps human nature is susceptible. It seems as if we could not bear the remembrance of our friends to be associated with any thing but what is pure and lovely? and, as if we fancied that while we can tend with tender care the shrubs that bloom around their ashes, we have still something which we can nourish for their sakes—something which, in imagination at any rate, can employ us in their service.

A few years ago, I was staying for some time at a little town on the sea-coast, in the northern part of Wales. Upon the very skirts of the ocean, rose a simple house, not in sculptured pride, or in massy grandeur, but humble as the religion to whose service it was dedicated. The ground on every side of this lowly edifice was devoted to the reception of the last sad remains of mortality; and its still inhabitants lay quietly side by side under the grassy mounds which covered them, and which were, some bound with the twisted osier,—some arrayed with a bright garment of flowers strewed by the hand of affection. In one secluded corner, however, a green and fertile cluster caught the eye, discovered a little enclosure, in which were planted shrubs and aromatic herbs, at whose roots a few purple violets hid their modest heads, and with the blushing rose and the scented myrtle, filled the air with their delicious perfume: while a drooping willow at one end hung down its weeping branches over a marble tomb, and a grave

cypress threw a darker shadow over the other. On the tomb were inscribed these words:

Here are deposited  
The remains of ELLEN,  
Only surviving Daughter of MAJOR HOWELL:  
Who, at the early age of nineteen,  
Was snatched by death  
From her fond parents  
And admiring friends,  
On the 5th day of August, 18—.

There was, near this sacred spot, a path leading to a little eminence about a hundred yards distant from the chapel, which I generally ascended twice or thrice every day to inhale the pure sea-breezes, and to gaze on the blue expanse before me. Here could I stand or sit for hours, with my eyes fixed on this beautiful object, and my soul raised and expanded by the nature of the emotions which it excited.

One soft sunny evening, when the waters lay slumbering, as it were, in the capacious bed, and reflecting as in a mirror the bright beams of the setting sun; and when that glorious orb was sinking gradually but majestically into the horizon, I prepared to ascend to my usual station, that I might catch its last parting rays, and behold them apparently quenched in the ocean. I perceived before me a female figure, clothed, as I thought, in the "habiliments of woe," and proceeding in the direction of the little cemetery I have described; but when, on turning her head, she descried me in the distance, she checked her steps, and walked slowly forward in the path I was myself pursuing. It immediately occurred to me, that this was some relative of her whose bones were consigned to this last home, and I resolved to be no impediment to the performance of the sacred offices which she was no doubt come to fulfil. I therefore, instead of proceeding up the hill, turned a little to the left, and placed myself behind a jutting point of the rock, from whence I could watch her motions without being myself visible. In a few seconds I beheld her again approach the little cemetery, unlock the gate which led to it, and throw herself at the foot of the tomb, with her hands stretched on the top, and her head resting on them. When

she had indulged her feelings for a few moments, she again arose, and stood with folded arms, gazing at this melancholy object, while her motionless form and sable garb seemed to fit her for the presiding genius of so sad and yet so lovely a spot. Rousing from her meditation, she then employed herself in pulling a few withered leaves off the overshadowing willow, and in adjusting two or three plants in a form perhaps more tasteful and elegant. For some time she seemed to be thus occupied, when again she prostrated herself before the grave, clasped her hands fervently together, and raising her eyes towards heaven, appeared to be absorbed in mental devotion. Calmly she then arose, and dropping her veil, seemed about to depart; but some tie, of more than mortal strength, drew her again to the inanimate marble. She paused—again turned away—and again looked back irresolute. 'Twas the last triumph she allowed to feeling. Waving her hand, as if bidding adieu to all most dear to her, she left the cemetery, fastened the entrance, and then, taking one long last look, departed; and I watched with interest her slowly-retreating figure, and her white handkerchief, which she long held to her face, and which convinced me that she was indulging her sorrow.

For three successive nights I attended at the same spot, and witnessed a nearly similar scene. On each did the same female appear, but on the third, when I approached the little cemetery after she had left it, I found that the weather having been dry and hot, she had refreshed the plants and shrubs with water, and they sent forth a grateful fragrance which perfumed the surrounding atmosphere. I endeavoured to learn the story of the ill-fated Ellen, and the interesting mourner whom I had beheld sorrowing over her ashes; and I found that they were indeed the pangs of a mother's heart, which had caused the grief that I had witnessed. She had tended her husband abroad through many a scene of trial and of hardship;—she had dressed his wounds on the day of battle, and she had watched over his soldier's lowly pallet with firm and unremitting tenderness; but his wounds were healed, and he rose from his sick bed astonished at her magnanimity, and grateful for her affection. They returned together to their native country, that they might seek a reward for their past sufferings in the bosom of the land that gave them birth, and in the happy retirement which they best loved. Several children blessed their union, but some were nipped in the bud of infancy, and the rest prematurely destroyed, ere yet they were fully unfolded into blossoms. One beloved daughter—their beauteous Ellen—alone remained to them. All the tender shoots were withered, save this one, and her they cherished as

their sole remaining pride, their only surviving prop. They did not, however, allow their affections to blind their judgment, but subdued the strength of their attachment, that it might be injurious to the character of their child. That child grew up all that her doating parents wished; and, lovely in mind as in person, she constituted their sum of happiness on earth. But alas! the sweetest and most delicate flowers are often nipped the soonest by the chill wind, or by the blighting mildew. Her fragile form but too easily sunk under the pressure of disease, and like a tender reed bent beneath its own unsupported weight. Her eyes sparkled with unusual lustre, but it was no more like the brilliance of health, than the false glare of a wandering meteor resembles the clear and steady effulgence of the meridian sun; and though a bright bloom coloured her cheek, it was not the rosy tint of vigour, but the harbinger of approaching ruin. The terrified parents beheld with horror the dreadful symptoms. In an agony of mind which none beside can fully appreciate, they tried all that nature dictated, or art devised, to stop the progress of the fatal malady. But it was too late. It made rapid and gigantic strides, and hope itself was soon compelled to droop in anguish. The lovely victim saw her fate before her, but though she grieved not for herself, she yet mourned for those whom she felt that her death would make but too desolate, and she tried to reconcile them to the prospect of her loss, and to prepare them to bear it with fortitude. This task she essayed unceasingly to complete, and she thought her labour was rewarded, for her nearly heart-broken parents affected before her a calmness which they could not feel, because they saw that it gave her pleasure.

At length, life gradually waned,—and waned,—until its lamp shot up one bright but quivering gleam, and was then darkened for ever? She was dead—but the rose still lived in her cheek, and a smile still played on the half closed lips, whose last accents had breathed the fond name of mother! and those who looked on her could scarcely believe but that she sweetly slept. But there were *two* hearts which felt how surely she had left them for ever. Awake to an agonising sense of the reality of their misfortune, the unhappy parents gave way for some time to the bitterness of their feelings. They saw around them a dreary waste, without one pleasant spot on which their eyes could rest with joy. The hours of their paradise had disappeared, and with her its enchantment vanished. The poor bereaved mother rose above her grief, and bid her anguish cease, and her sighs be hushed. Her heart still indeed bled, but she stanchd the wound by the efforts of piety. Her tears would still

flow, but she dried them with hope; and if a murmur dared to hover on her lips, she dismissed it with becoming fortitude. Man, although perhaps better able to bear without intoxication the inebriating scenes of prosperity, is often, when at last he has been depressed by misfortune, less able to rise from beneath its pressure; as the tough oak, when once bent, cannot be again uplifted like the youthful ash or slender willow. Thus it was with her stricken husband. No gleam of comfort seemed to enlighten the dark gloom which enshrouded his heart,—no ray of consolation penetrated there;—for absorbed in one overwhelming consciousness, he sought not to alleviate or to diminish his sorrow. But his virtuous wife essayed to open to him a more cheering prospect; and, concealing the misery of her own, she tried to awaken in his soul some brighter feelings. Afraid to trust his beholding often the spot which contained the ashes of his child, this noble-minded female attended every evening to perform alone, and unassisted, the sacred offices of affection; to ease her full heart at the tomb of her lamented daughter, and then—to return with a serene and placid countenance, to bless and support the partner in her affliction.

#### DANIEL O'ROURKE.

People may have heard of the renowned adventures of Daniel O'Rourke, but they are few who know the cause of all his perils, above and below. I knew the man well: he lived at the bottom of Hungry Hill, just at the right hand side of the road as you go towards Bantry. An old man was he at the time that he told me the story, with gray hair, and a red nose; and it was on the 25th of June, 1813, that I heard it from his own lips, as he sat smoking his pipe under the old poplar tree, on as fine an evening as ever shone from the sky. I was going to visit the caves in Dursey Island, having spent the morning at Glengariff. I am often *axed* to tell it, so that this is not the first time:—The master's son, you see, had come from beyond foreign parts in France and Spain, as young gentlemen used to go, before Bonaparte or any such was heard of; and sure enough there was a dinner given to all the people on the ground, gentle and simple, high and low, rich and poor. The *ould* gentlemen were the gentlemen, after all, saving your honour's presence. They'd swear at a body a little, to be sure, and may be, give one a cut of a whip now and then, but we were no losers by it in the end; and they were so easy and civil, and kept such rattling houses, and thousands of welcomes; and there was no grinding for rent, and few agents; and there was hardly a tenant of the estate that did not taste of his landlords'

bounty often and often in the year; but now its another thing: no matter for that, sir, for I'd better be telling you my story.

Well, we had every thing of the best, and plenty of it; and we ate, and we drank, and we danced of it; and the young master by the same token danced with Peggy Barry, from the Bohereen—a lovely young couple they were, though they are both low enough now. To make a long story short, I got, as a body may say, the same thing as tipsy almost, for I can't remember ever at all, no ways, how it was that I left the place: only I did leave it, that's certain. Well, I thought, for all that, to myself, I'd just step to Molly Cronahan's, the fairy woman, to speak a word about the bracket heifer what was bewitched; and so as I was crossing the stepping-stones of the ford of Balloas-henough, and was looking up at the stars and blessing myself—for why? it was Lady-day—I missed my foot, and souse I fell into the water. 'Death alive!' thought I, 'I'll be drowned now!' However, I began swimming, swimming, swimming away for the dear life, till at last I got ashore somehow or other, but never the one of me can tell how, on a *dissolute* island.

I wandered and wandered about there, without knowing where I wandered, until at last I got into a big bog. The moon was shining as bright as day, or your fair lady's eyes, sir, (with your pardon for mentioning her,) and I looked east and west, and north and south, and every way, and nothing did I see but bog, bog, bog; I could never find out how I got into it; and my heart grew cold with fear, for sure and certain I was that it would be my *berrin* place. So I sat down on a stone which, as good luck would have it, was close by me, and I began to scratch my head, and sing the *Ullagone*—when all of a sudden the moon grew black, and I looked up, and saw something for all the world as if it was moving down between me and it, and I could not tell what it was. Down it came with a pounce, and looked at me full in the face; and what was it but an eagle? as fine a one as ever flew from the kingdom of Kerry. So he looked at me in the face, and says he to me, 'Daniel O'Rourke,' says he, 'how do you do?' 'Very well, I thank you, sir,' says I: 'I hope you're well;' wondering out of my sense all the time how an eagle came to speak like a christian.—'What brings you here, Dan?' says he. 'Nothing at all, sir,' says I; only I wish I was safe home again.' 'Is it out of the island you want to go, Dan?' says he. 'Tis, sir,' says I: so I up and told him how I had taken a drop too much, and fell into the water; how I swam to the island; and how I got into the bog, and did not know my way out of it. 'Dan,' says he, after a minute's thought, 'though it was very improper for

you to get drunk on Lady-day, yet as you are a decent, sober man, who 'tends mass well, and never flings stones at me or mine, nor cries out after us in the fields—my life for yours,' says he; 'so get up on my back, and grip me well for fear you'd fall off, and I'll fly you out of the bog.' 'I am afraid,' says I, 'your honour's making game of me; for who ever heard of riding a horseback on an eagle before?' 'Pon the honour of a gentleman,' says he, putting his right foot on his breast, 'I am quite in earnest; and so now either take my offer or starve in the bog—besides, I see that your weight is sinking the stone.'

It was true enough as he said, for I found the stone every minute going from under me. I had no choice; so thinks I to myself, faint heart never won fair lady, and this is fair persuadance; 'I thank your honour,' says I, 'for the loan of your civility; and I'll take your kind offer.' I therefore mounted on the back of the eagle, and held him tight enough round the throat, and up he flew in the air like a lark. Little I knew the trick he was going to serve me. Up—up—up—God knows how far up he flew. 'why, then,' said I to him—thinking he did not know the right road home—very civilly, because why?—I was in his power entirely; 'sir,' say I, 'please your honour's glory, and with humble submission to your better judgment if you'd fly down a bit, you're now just over my cabin, and I could be put down there, and many thanks to your worship.'

'Arrah, Dan,' said he, 'do you think me a fool? Look down in the next field, and don't you see two men and a gun? By my word it would be no joke to be shot in this way, to oblige a drunken blackguard that I picked up off of a *could* stone in a bog. 'Bother you,' said I to myself, but I did not speak out, for where was the use? 'Well, sir, up he kept, flying, flying, and I asking him every minute to fly down, and all to no use. 'Where in the world are you going, sir?' says I to him. 'Hold your tongue, Dan,' says he: 'mind your own business, and don't be interfering with the business of other people.' 'Faith, this is my business, I think,' says I. 'Be quiet, Dan,' says he: so I said no more.

At last, where should we come to, but to the moon itself. Now you can't see it from this, but there is, or there was in my time a reaping-hook sticking out of the side of the moon, this way [drawing the figure on the ground with the end of his stick].

'Dan,' said the eagle, 'I'm tired with this long fly; I had no notion 'twas so far.' 'and my lord, sir,' said I, 'who in the world *axed* you to fly so far—was it I? did not I beg, and pray, and beseech of you to stop half an hour ago?' 'There's no use talking, Dan,' said he; 'I'm tired bad enough, so you

must get off, and sit down on the moon until I rest myself.' 'Is it sit down on the moon?' said I; 'is it upon that little round thing, then? why, then, sure I'd fall off in a minute, and be *kilt* and split, and smashed all to bits: you are a vile deceiver—so you are.' 'Not at all, Dan,' said he: 'you can catch fast hold of the reaping-hook that's sticking out of the side of the moon, and 'twill keep you up.' 'I won't, then,' said I. 'May be not,' said he, quite quiet. 'If you don't, my man, I shall just give you a shake, and one slap of my wing, and send you down to the ground, where every bone of your body will be smashed as small as a drop of dew on a cabbage-leaf in the morning.' 'Why, then, I'm in a fine way,' said I to myself, 'ever to have come along with the likes of you;' and so giving him a hearty curse in Irish, for fear he'd know what I said, I got off of his back with a heavy heart, took a hold of the reaping-hook, and sat down on the moon and a mighty cold seat it was, I can tell you that.

When he had me there fairly landed, he turned about on me, and said, 'Good morning to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he: 'I think I've nicked you fairly now. You robbed my nest last year,' [twas true enough for him, but how he found it out is hard to say], 'and in return you are freely welcome to cool your heels dangling on the moon like a cockthrow.' Is that all, and is this the way you leave me, you brute, you?' says I. 'You ugly unnatural *baste*, and is this the way you serve me at last? Bad luck to yourself with your hook'd nose, and to all your breed, you blackguard!' 'Twat all to no manner of use: he spread out his great big wings, burst out a laughing, and flew away like lightning. I bawled after him to stop; but I might have called and bawled for ever, without his minding me. Away he went, and I never saw him from that day to this—sorrow fly away with him! You may be sure I was in a disconsolate condition, and kept roaring out for the bare grief, when all at once a door opened right in the middle of the moon, creaking on its hinges as if it had not been opened for a month before. I suppose they never thought of greasing 'em, and out there walks—who do you think but the man in the moon? I knew him by his bush.

"Good morrow to you, Daniel O'Rourke," said he: 'How do you do?' 'Very well, thank your honour,' said I. 'I hope your honour's well.' What brought you here, Dan?' said he. So I told him how I was a little overtaken in liquor at the master's, and how I was cast on a *desolate* island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle promised to fly me out of it, and how instead of that he had fled me up to the moon. "Dan," said the man in the moon, taking a pinch of snuff when I was done,

'you must not stay here.' 'Indeed, sir,' says I, 'tis much against my will I'm here at all; but how am I to go back?' That's your business,' said he, 'Dan: mine is to tell you that here you must not stay, so be off in less than no time.' 'I'm doing no harm,' says I, only holding on hard by the reaping-hook, lest I fall off.' That's what you must not do, Dan,' says he. 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'may I ask how many you're in family, that you would not give a poor traveller lodging: I'm sure 'tis not so often you're troubled with strangers coming to see you, for 'tis a long way.' 'I'm by myself, Dan,' says he; 'but you'd better let go the reaping-hook.' 'Faith, and with your leave,' says I, 'I'll not let go the grip.' 'You had better, Dan,' says he again. 'Why, then, my little fellow,' says I, taking the whole weight of him with my eye from head to foot, 'there are two words to that bargain; and I'll not budge, but you may if you like.' 'We'll see how that is to be,' says he; and back he went, giving the door such a great bang after him (for it was plain he was huffed), that I thought the moon and all would fall down with it.

Well, I was preparing myself to try strength with him, when back again he comes, with the kitchen cleaver in his hand, and without saying a word, he gave two bangs to the handle of the reaping-hook that was keeping me up, and *whap!* it came in two. 'Good morning to you, Dan,' says the spiteful little old blackguard, when he saw me cleanly falling down with a bit of the handle in my hand: 'I thank you for your visit, and fair weather after you, Daniel.' I had no time to make any answer to him, for I was tumbling over and over, and rolling and rolling at the rate of a fox-hunt. 'God help me,' says I, 'but this is a pretty pickle for a decent man to be seen in at this time of night: I am now sold fairly. The word was not out of my mouth, when whiz! what should fly by close to my ear but a flock of wild geese; and the *ould* gander, who was their general, turning about his head, cried out to me, 'is that you Dan?' I was not a bit daunted now at what he said, for I was by this time used to all kinds of *bedevilment*, and, besides, I knew him of *ould*. 'Good morrow to you,' says he, 'Daniel O'Rourke: how are you in health this morning?' 'Very well, sir,' says I, 'I thank you kindly,' drawing my breath, for I was mightily in want of some. 'I hope your honour's the same.' 'I think 'tis falling you are, Daniel,' says he. 'You may say that, sir,' says I. 'And where are you going all the way so fast?' said the gander. So I told him how I had taken the drop, and how I came on the island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle flew me up to the moon, and how the man in the moon

turned me out. 'Dan,' said he, 'I'll save you: put out your hand and catch me by the leg, and I'll fly you home.' 'Sweet is your hand in a pitcher of honey, my jewel,' says I, though all the time I thought in myself I don't much trust you; but there was no help, so I caught the gander by the leg, and away I and the other geese flew after him as fast as hops.

We flew, and we flew, and we flew, until we came right over the wide ocean. I knew it well, for I saw Cape Clear to my right hand, sticking up out of the water. 'Ah! my lord,' said I to the goose, for I thought it best to keep a civil tongue in my head any way, 'fly to land if you please.' 'It is impossible, you see, Dan,' said he, 'for a while, because you see we are going to Arabia.' 'To Arabia!' said I; 'that's surely some place in foreign parts, far away. Oh! Mr. Goose: why then, to be sure, I'm a man to be pitied among you.' 'Whist, whist, you fool,' said he, 'hold your tongue; I tell you Arabia is a very decent sort of place, as like West Carbery as one egg is like another, only there is a little more sand there.' Just as we were talking, a ship hove in sight, scudding so beautiful before the wind: 'Ah! then, sir,' said I, 'will you drop me on the ship, if you please?' 'We are not fair over it,' said he. 'We are,' said I. 'We are not,' said he: 'If I dropped you now, you would go splash into the sea.' 'I would not,' says I; 'I know better than that, for it is just clean under us, so let me drop now at once.' 'If you must, you must,' said he. 'There, take your own way;' and he opened his claw, and faith he was right—sure enough I came down plump into the very bottom of the salt sea! Down to the very bottom I went, and I gave myself up then for ever, when a whale walked up to me, scratching himself after his night's sleep, and looked me full in the face, and never the word did he say, but lifting up his tail, he splashed me all over again with the cold salt water, till there wasn't a dry stitch on my whole carcass; and I heard somebody saying—'twas a voice I knew too—'Get up, you drunken brute, off of that:' and with that I woke up, and there was Judy with a tub full of water, which she was splashing all over me; for, rest her soul! though she was a good wife, she never could bear to see me in drink, and had a bitter hand of her own.

'Get up,' said she again: 'and of all places in the parish, would no place *sarve* your turn to lie down on but under the *ould* walls of Carrigaphooka? an uneasy resting I am sure you had of it.' And sure enough I had; for I was fairly bothered out of my senses with eagles, and men of the moons, and flying ganders, and whales, driving me through bogs, and up to the moon, and down

to the bottom of the green ocean. If I was in drink ten times over, long would it be before I'd lie down in the same spot again, I know that.

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### THE GLEANER.

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—So we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too.

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**LUCKY THIEF.**—About twenty yards above the Cora linn where the water of the Clyde is precipitated over perpendicular rocks of eighty feet in height, there is a chasm of not more than seven or eight feet in width, through which the whole collected stream pours impetuously along. A boy had stolen some apples from the garden at Cora-house, and being detected by the gardener, he ran towards the river and attempted to leap over the terrific current. He missed his footing and fell headlong into it.—The gardener stood horror struck, and expected to see the mangled corpse of the boy emerge only to be dashed down the fearful cataract below. Imagine his sensation of joy when he saw the lad thrown safely on the ledge of the opposite rock, and heard him, as he scampered off with the bag of apples in his hand, exclaim "Aha, lad! ye have na catch't me yet!"

**WORDSWORTH.**—When Rob Roy had made its first appearance at the Lakes, a party was made to read it. A young lady was appointed to the agreeable office; and she began accordingly at the title-page, which she read. When Wordsworth heard the quotation from his poem, he rose instantly, went to a bookshelf, and, interrupting the young lady, read his own poem from its first line—"A famous man is Robin Hood,"—to its last. Then closed the volume, and without waiting for a word of the novel, walked out of the room.

Spectacles first became known about the beginning of the fourteenth century; an inscription on the tomb of a nobleman, Salvinus Armatus of Florence, who died 1317, states that he was the inventor. The person, however, who first made the invention public was Alexander Spina, a native of Pisa. He happened to see a pair of spectacles in the hands of a person who would or could not explain the principle of them to him; but he succeeded in making a pair for himself, and immediately made the construction public for the good of others.

The late John Palmer going home one night from the theatre, found a man lying on the ground, and another beating him violently; on which he remonstrated with the

uppermost man, telling him his conduct was unfair, and that he ought to let his opponent get up and have an equal chance with him. On which the fellow drolly turned up his face, and replied, "Faith, Sir, if you had been at as much trouble to get him down as I have, you would not be in such a hurry to let him get up again."

**PROGRESS OF REFINEMENT.**—A young woman meeting a former fellow-servant, was asked how she liked her new place. "Very well." "Then you've nothing to complain of?" "Nothing; only master and missus talk such very bad grammar."

A respectable glass-cutter, carrying an elegant argand lamp in each hand, accidentally let one of them fall; a friend, an incorrigible punster, who was passing at the moment, immediately exclaimed, "My dear fellow, how I lament to see you reduced to the unfortunate state of being a *lamp-lighter*."

It is a common remark, that many in conversation and writing, use *will* instead of *shall*; and nothing can more clearly point out this error than the following sentence: "I *will* be drowned, and nobody *shall* save me."

**MILITARY PUN.**—An officer, at a field-day, happened to be thrown from his horse; and as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a friend (who ran to his assistance) "I thought I had improved in my riding, *but I find I have fallen off*."

**CALCULATIONS ON THE AGE OF MAN.**—Supposing a person to have completed his sixty-second year, he will have lived 22,640 days, 643,120 hours, 32,587,200 minutes, and his pulse will have throbbed, reckoning 74 pulsations in a minute, upwards of 2,411 millions of times.

An Irishman went into an apothecary's shop, and asked for a few *leeches*; the shopman replied, that they had not any left.—"Well then," said the *Hibernian*, "I will wait till you make half-a-dozen."

A suit, involving some family transactions having come on for hearing before Lord manners, "Pray Mr.——," said his lordship, addressing himself to the counsel, "should not this cause be settled out of court?" "That's just my own opinion, my lord," exclaimed the defendant, starting up, "and isn't it the way I always wished to settle it? Wasn't it this morning I sent my friend to my cousin the plaintiff, to tell him I was ready to give him satisfaction, if he thought I had't properly administered my father's will? and did not he refuse to meet me?"

## THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

### THE MODERN GREEKS.

No. III.

THE amusements of the Greeks consist principally in singing and dancing; nor do they ever show themselves in a more amiable light than when, forgetting for a while their melancholy condition, they exhibit the gaiety and festivity peculiar to their character; since they are not only entirely free from the odious vice of drunkenness, but exceedingly temperate in the indulgence of the table. Their music is as simple and as monotonous as it was in the days of Orpheus and Trepander; nevertheless, their national songs, chanted to the lyre or the pipe, and addressed to ears less sophisticated by musical refinements than our own, produce effects of which we can hardly form an idea.

Their dances consist of two kinds, the Albanian and the genuine Greek dance: the latter is a species of ballet, of which the subject is Ariadne, who conducts Theseus, by means of her clue, through the labyrinth of the Minotaur. This dance, known by the name of the *Romaica*, is equally a favourite in the festivities of Athens, in the villages of Arcadia, and in the Greek islands; and bears a striking resemblance to those that we see represented on ancient vases and bas-reliefs. The *Albanatico* is of a ruder character, and has been compared by some to the Pyrrhic dance of the ancient Greek warriors; and by others, to the war-dance of the North American Indians. Since the English have given balls at Athens,—on which occasion, by the by, it is necessary that permission be always previously obtained from the Turkish Waiwode,—these national dances have lost somewhat of their original character.

Swinging, another amusement of the Greeks, formed anciently one of the religious rites instituted in honour of Bacchus, the origin of which is as follows;—Icarus, to whom that deity had communicated the mystery of preparing wine, visited Athens, accompanied by his daughter Erigone. Here he treated the inhabitants with the newly discovered beverage; but, overtaken by intoxication, they imagined that Icarus had poisoned them, and accordingly put him to death. For a long time did Erigone in vain seek her father, until at length his dog, named Mœra, conducted her to a spot within a wood, where she found his dead body. In a fit of despair, she hanged herself on one of the trees; and many of the Athenian wo-

men, instigated by a species of phrensy with which Bacchus afflicted them by way of punishment, imitated her example; so that the wood was nearly filled with dead bodies swinging on the trees. By the command of the oracle, a festival was instituted sacred to the memory of Erigone, in which the above event was commemorated by swinging on ropes attached to the branches of trees. The usual age at which Greek girls are married is their fifteenth year. This circumstance, and an immoderate use of the bath, is the cause of their premature loss of beauty. They even pass entire days in the bath, a spot sacred to the sex; and woe to the rash intruder who should violate the mysteries of the place.

On comparing the plan of an ancient Greek house, as given by Vitruvius, with that of a modern one, a great resemblance may be perceived: each of them exhibits the three important requisites of a dwelling, namely, retirement, security, and tranquillity; circumstances the more important in a climate where almost all amusements and business take place in the open air. An exterior and interior court, surrounded with high walls, enclose the dwelling itself, which is constructed of wood, upon foundations of stone; so that it is perfectly secured both from the gaze of the passenger and the noise of the street. The only ornaments and furniture of the apartments consist of mirrors, carpets, and divans against the walls; and as these latter are used for the purpose of reclining on by day and sleeping on by night, there are neither chairs nor beds. Even a table is a rarity, and instead of grates and stoves, braziers are used for warming rooms. The *Trapesa*, or dining table, is nothing more than a large tin tray, of a circular form, without any covering or table-cloth.

The breakfast consists of coffee and preserves; and after this meal, the master of the house generally passes his morning in walking and smoking in the gallery that surrounds the house, or in attending to his professional affairs, should he chance to have any; while his wife is occupied with her domestic duties, and with spinning or weaving; and his children with reading and writing. The dinner, which takes place between twelve and one o'clock, consists of about ten or twelve dishes, out of which all the family eat. These generally contain rice, mutton, vegetables, eggs, cakes, and a desert of dried grapes and chesnuts. These articles are variously prepared, nor is there any lack of high seasoning. A sort of light wine is drank during dinner, and, after the repast is ended, liquors, coffee, and Turkish pipes are handed round. To these succeed the *siesta*, after which visits take place: du-

ring the latter, the company converse on the news of the day, eat confections and preserves, drink coffee, and smoke.

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## THE DRAMA.

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—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,  
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,  
So long the just and generous will befriend,  
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS.

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### LONDON THEATRES.

**DRURY LANE.**—A new play in five acts, called *Masaniello the Fisherman of Naples*, was produced at this theatre on the night of the 18th February last. The short but striking history of Masaniello is now familiar to the public. His rapid and astonishing rise to absolute power, and his fall, no less rapid and surprising, have been narrated in some of our most popular periodical works. The story is interesting in itself, but deficient in materials for dramatic purposes. This will best be seen from a sketch of the plot. The play opens with a conversation between the Duke and his Council. The following scene is the cottage of Masaniello, in which his wife and his brothers (Lorina and Guido) are awaiting his arrival. His entrance is followed by fierce declarations of his hatred of the nobility, and impatient endurance of their authority. In the midst of this conversation the city is observed to be on fire, and the shouts of the mob are heard. Masaniello, whom they have chosen as their leader, rushes forth to the street where they are assembled. While he is addressing them a palace is struck by lightning, and the Act concludes with a grand *coup de theatre*. The first scene in the second act is the interior of the church of San Gennaro, where the Duke and his friends have taken refuge. Masaniello arrives at the head of the mob. The gates are opened by order of the Duke; he enters and demands the Charter of Charles the Fifth, and that the Duke shall swear to keep his faith inviolate with the people. These demands are acceded to, and Morone, a creature of the Duke, is ordered to fetch the Charter. He brings in one, which afterwards appears not to be the true one. He is abandoned by his master to the mercy of Masaniello, who spares him and makes his exit, denouncing vengeance on the Duke unless the Charter be produced. The next scene introduces Guido and Dorina in Masaniello's palace, where they are met by Olympia, who proves to be a mistress and a lover of his. Some very dull and silly talk follows; and after displaying the ill-temper usual on such occasions, the mistress and the wife part on excellent terms. We have then a grand procession of Monks, and Nuns, and banners, and Masaniello on horseback. In

the third act Masaniello is warned that an attempt will be made on his life by a gipsy. Zamet, the gipsy, arrives, and delivers a letter. Masaniello places himself before a mirror to read; Zamet endeavours to stab him, when the other turns round and wrests the dagger from the assassin. The gipsy confesses that he is the agent of the Duke, and Masaniello allows him to live. A feast given to Masaniello Ducal in the palace next follows. After paying close attention to Olympia throughout the revels, he at last openly declares his love for her, and offers his hand in pledge of it. Lorina, who has disguised herself as a boy, rushes between them. Masaniello stabs her, she dies and so ends the third act. The fourth begins with a nonsensical conversation between Zamet and Morone. Masaniello is then exhibited in the cemetery of the church of San Gennaro, where he is afterwards joined by Olympia, whom the author most conveniently gets rid of, by clothing her in the habit of a nun. The idea occurs to Masaniello, that his voice may wake the sleepers in the tombs; but he sagaciously remarks that,

—Six good feet of mould above their heads  
Might make them hard of hearing.

His meditations are at length interrupted by news that the mob are indulging in their favourite diversion of burning and plundering. The Duke and nobles are then seen flying before them, and Masaniello is unable to check their fury, except by knocking down one of their orators. In the following scene Zamet, *alias*, the gipsy, is condemned to be hanged for sacrilege. The act ends with a ranting scene, which Masaniello terminates by rushing forth in great fury. In the first scene of the fifth Act the mob change sides and go over to the Duke. We then have Masaniello in his palace, "in the dress of a penitent," and looking like a tailor called out of his bed at midnight. A procession of penitents in the palace gardens succeeds, and then the Finale. At the back of a street is represented "a terrace with many steps." The mob are ranged below. They call for Masaniello. He appears at the top of the terrace, and rushes down the steps: shots are fired at him—he is wounded, and dies. The play was announced for repetition amidst mingled applause and approbation.

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## BIOGRAPHY.

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The proper study of mankind is man.

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### RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. LEYDEN.

**DR. LEYDEN** rose by the power of native genius, from the humblest origin, to a very distinguished rank in the literary world. His studies included almost every branch of human science, and he was alike ardent in the

pursuit of all. The greatest power of his mind was perhaps shown in his acquisition of modern and ancient languages. He exhibited an unexampled facility, not merely in acquiring but in tracing their affinity and connexion with each other. From his earliest years he had cultivated the muses with a success which will make many regret that poetry did not occupy a larger portion of his time. The first of his essays, which appeared in a separate form, was "The scenes of Infancy, a descriptive poem," in which he sung, in no unpleasing strains, the charms of his native mountains and streams, in Tiviotdale. He contributed several small pieces to a collection of poems, called "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which he published with his friend, Walter Scott. Among these, the "Mermaid" is certainly the most beautiful: in it he has shewn all the creative fancy of a real genius.

It is not easy (says General Malcolm) to convey an idea of the method which Dr. Leyden used in his studies, or to describe the unconquerable ardour with which these were pursued. During his early residence in India, I had a particular opportunity of observing both. When he read a lesson in Persian, a person near him, whom he had taught, wrote down each sentence on a long slip of paper, which was afterwards divided into as many pieces as there were words, and pasted in alphabetical order under different heads of verbs, nouns, &c. into a blank book that formed a vocabulary of each day's lesson. All this he had instructed a very ignorant native to do, and this man he used, in his broad accent, to call one of his mechanical aids. He was so ill at Mysore, soon after his arrival from England, that Mr. Anderson, the surgeon who attended him, despaired of his life; but, though all his friends endeavoured at this period to prevail on him to relax in his application to study, it was in vain. He used, when unable to sit upright, to prop himself up, and he thus continued his translations. One day that I was sitting by his bedside, the surgeon came in, "I am glad you are here," said Mr. Anderson, addressing himself to me, "you will be able to persuade Dr. Leyden to attend to my advice. I have told him before, and I now repeat, that he will die if he does not leave off his studies and remain quiet." "Very well, doctor," exclaimed Leyden, "you have done your duty; but you must now hear me: I cannot be idle; and whether I die or live, the wheel must go round to the last:" and he actually continued, under the depression of a fever and a liver complaint, to study more than ten hours each day.

The temper of Dr. Leyden was mild and generous, and he could bear with perfect good humour raillery on his foibles. When he arrived at Caleutta, in 1805, I was most

solicitous regarding his reception in the society of the Indian capital. "I entreat you, my dear friend," I said to him the day he landed, "to be careful of the impression you make on your entering this community: for God's sake, learn a little English, and be silent on literary subjects, except among literary men." "Learn English!" he exclaimed; "no, never: it was trying to learn that language that spoiled my Scotch; and, as to being silent, I will promise to hold my tongue, if you will make fools hold theirs." His memory was most tenacious, and he sometimes loaded it with lumber. When I was at Mysore, an argument occurred on a point of English history; it was agreed to refer it to Leyden; and to the astonishment of all parties, he repeated, verbatim, the whole of an Act of Parliament in the reign of James I. relative to Ireland, which decided the point in dispute. On being asked, how he came to charge his memory with such extraordinary matter, he said that several years before, when he was writing on the changes that had taken place in the English language, this Act was one of the documents to which he referred as a specimen of the style of that age, and that he had retained every word in his memory.

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## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

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— Science has sought, on weary wing,  
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

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### MINUTES OF CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S.

#### *Ancient Monuments of North America.*

FROM Frankfort in Kentucky, came C. S. Rafinesque's, A. M. Ph. D. late publication, pp. 39, 8vo. entitled "Ancient History," &c. Being a Professor in Transylvania University, superintendant of the Botanic Garden, and Secretary of the Ky. Institute, it may be rationally supposed that to the habitual industry of the learned author, there have been afforded many and peculiar opportunities for gaining information. Though he calls it an introduction to the history and antiquities of the region where he resides, and has published it as a preliminary discourse to H. Marshalls second edition of his Kentucky history, it really extends to the whole of America and indeed to the entire terraqueous globe. The subject is considered in its relation to Geological events, and to the population of countries by the human race.

The revolutions of nature are considered

by periods. 1. The general inundation, when the briny ocean covered the whole of the United States, rising more than 4000 feet above the Cumberland mountain, and 5000 over the Lime-stone Plains below.—The tops of the Oregon and Mexican mountains, were at that time, the only bare land. During the gradual decrease strata of lime-stone, slate, sandstone, freestone, grit and pebble stone were successively formed, and sea-animals, such as polypes, molluscas, and fishes having been created, their remains are found in the strata deposited since they began to exist. 2. The emersion of mountains in consequence of the subsidence of the water. The Cumberland summits became dry, as also the eminences of the Black, Laurel, Pine, Log, and Gelico mountains. Upland vegetation begins; and grass and reeds show themselves in verdure. Shistose depositions continue under water. 3. The denudation of Table Lands, by a further subsidence of the flood, until its level is reduced to a line not exceeding its present and actual surface more than 1100 feet; and all the table-lands become uncovered. Inland seas fill the valleys and interjacent spaces, and in these limestone-seas, marine animals yet lived, whose relics are embedded in the last-formed limestone strata. Land animals, such as insects, reptiles, birds, and quadrupeds are brought into being and take their stations on the dry land. Trees and shrubs begin to vegetate. 4. The Lime-stone sea is drained, by the sinking of the seas to within 700 feet of the real oceanic level. This occurrence in Kentucky corresponds to the sixth day of the creation as related in the first chapter of Genesis; and to the period when man was produced by his Maker in an elevated ground of Asia. 5. The great deluge of Noah does not, the author thinks, appear to have left vestiges of violent convulsion in Ky. since the organic and human remains buried in the soil, are all in gradual depositions. On its subsidence, the ocean sinks to within 300 feet of its present level, and abandons Ky. for ever. The vast inland sea of North America is drained, and nothing but the Lakes left. The strata begin to consolidate; ponds and marshes decrease; vegetation overspreads the soil; animals multiply.

6. Peleg's flood occurs, whereupon great

volcanic eruptions agitate the bottom of the ocean, and produce signal changes in various and distant parts of the globe, such as the Atlantic Islands, West Indies, Mediterranean, &c. The ocean and land assume their actual level, limits, and configuration.

The revolutions in the history of the human race are also stated by epochs:—1. Adamites in the first cradle of the species called Eden, and Noachites in the second cradle called Ararat; both referring to elevated regions in Asia. The tribes who contributed their migrations and colonies to North America, were the Atalans and Cutans from the east across the Atlantic ocean, and the Iztacans and Oghusians who came from the westward over the Pacific. The history of the Atalans and Cutans is comprehended in five periods, (a) from the dispersion of mankind after the flood, to the first discovery of America, by the Atlantes of Africa, (b) from this original discovery to the foundation of the Western, African, and European empires; and to the spread of their settlers over the two Americas, (c) from this over to the dreadful catastrophe which under the name of the revolution of Peleg, sunk, destroyed, and convulsed many islands and countries, and among others the Atlantic land, of which the volcanic islands Azores, Madeira, Canaries, Cape De Verds, Ascension, St. Helena, &c., are volcanic heaps and hills, remaining to this day; (d) from this ruinous and extensive overturning, to the invasion of the primitive settlements from the east by Istacan nations from Asia by the west, (e) from the date of this accidental emigration to the decline and fall of the Atalan and Cutan nations in America, to the present time, comprising about thirty centuries.

The history of the Iztacans is also divided into five periods, (a) from the Iztacan empire in Asia to the settlement of their colonies in America and Ky. (b) from that conquest to the establishment of the Natchez government, (c) from this era to the Oghusian invasion, (d) from this last event to the expulsion of the Natchez: (e) from thence to the present time. The history of the Oghusians is distributed into five periods (a) from their invasion of America in the first year of the christian era, to the defeat of the Falegons, about the year 500: (b) thence to the dispersion of the Lenni-Lennapi, about 800; (c)

thence to the Utaiva supremacy in 1400; (e) thence to the expedition of Soto, 1540.—Then follows a chronological table of events, from the aforesaid visit of the Spanish explorers to the settlement by the Virginians in 1773.

It was observed that the author writes on the transactions of the most remote ages, and of the most distant people, with all the ease and familiarity of one perfectly acquainted with their history; and it was hoped that the able and excellent historians of New York, Joseph W. Moulton and John V. N. Yates Esqrs. who have entered profoundly into similar inquiries would call on him to exhibit the vouchers and documents on which many of his statements are founded. The ethnological and philological summary which is prefixed, and the enumeration of antiquities appended, afford future evidence of the author's industry and talent.

**VEGETABLE PHENOMENON.**—In the Imperial gardens of Monza, in Lombardy, there has been remarked a plant which lives in a little basket, without any communication with the earth, or with any tree or other vegetable whatever. It has not yet been ascertained what it is, but it is believed to be a *Villandsia*.

## LITERATURE.

### THE WAVERLY NOVELS.

It is a singular fact, that although nearly six months have elapsed since "the Crusaders," the last new novel of the author of *Waverly*, was announced in the London papers as ready for publication, and that several thousand copies of the work had been sold to the booksellers, not one of them has fallen into the hands of the public.—Various reasons have been assigned for this: First, it was said that the recent fire at Edinburgh had retarded the publication, although it never appeared that a single sheet of the book had been destroyed. Secondly, it was pretended that the delay had arisen in consequence of Walter Scott having agreed to allow his name to appear on the title page. This last story we were told about two months ago, on the authority of a letter, said to have been received in this country from some part of England, the name of which and of the writer, were, however, concealed by those who gave it publicity. We have had so many tales of this sort, so many "proofs as strong as holy writ," coming from

sources, too, where nothing but sheer ignorance prevailed on the subject, that we did not think it worth our while to notice them at the time. Neither should we have recurred to these idle rumours at present, had we not observed in the Edinburgh papers an account of the proceedings of an annual dinner of the Celtic Society, held in that city on the 25th of February last, at which a direct allusion was made to the "Great Unknown," that elicited from Walter Scott certain remarks utterly incompatible with his being that person. The following is an extract from the account, which was afterwards copied into most of the London papers:—

"The Celtic Society held their annual dinner at Edinburgh, on February the 25th. Sir Walter Scott, Bart. presided. After the usual toasts had been given with their accustomed honours, and several gentlemen present had addressed the Meeting, Mr. Leonard Horner proposed the health of "the Author of *Waverly*."—Sir Walter Scott then rose and said—"I cannot say that I am *particularly acquainted* with the gentleman; but he is very strongly recommended to us, and if you please, I shall give the time to *his honours*." Right loudly were the honours rung; and thus Sir Walter Scott may be said to have conferred his public honours on the author of *Waverly*."

Had there been no other evidence that the *Waverly* novels were not from the pen of Scott, the above occurrence would have placed the matter beyond all doubt; for it is impossible to believe that he would have disclaimed so pointedly and openly all acquaintance with, or knowledge of *himself*, had he been the writer of these inimitable works. No man could have produced them without being "*particularly acquainted*" with the most secret workings of his own heart, and with every thing relating to his own affairs, and his intercourse with the world. That Scott was not considered, by those who were at this dinner, the writer of the novels, is evident from the circumstance, that his health was proposed and drank as a separate toast. The account says,

"After a long interval of loud and enthusiastic cheering, the Chairman returned brief and impressive acknowledgements.—"As a yeoman soldier," he said, "he had been a very willing, but a very bad one; as a lawyer, he must make confession that he was both an unwilling and a bad one:

and as a man of letters, he was what his countrymen chose to think him."

Could Walter Scott, supposing him the author of the novels, really be so stupid as to expect, after thus giving so full an account of himself, that he would be believed, when he asserted that he was not "particularly acquainted with the gentleman"? Again, how are we to reconcile with this supposition, the consummate vanity he displayed in sounding the "public honors" which had been awarded to that writer? Will his partisans be so bold, and regardless of all decency as to say, that the author of *Waverley's* great celebrity entitles him to set modesty at defiance, and to boast of his literary acquirements on the most public occasions?

In short, we are now compelled to believe, that the novels in question are the production of the veriest coxcomb alive, or that Walter Scott never had any hand in them.

### THE GRACES.

"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"  
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:  
"We come," THE GRACES three! to teach the spell,  
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."  
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:  
"Let *Wit*, and *Wisdom*, with her sovereign *Beauty*  
dwell."

### COSTUME OF THE WOMEN OF IRELAND.

SUCH as are thriving in the world, and inclined to bestow a little care on their personal appearance, come before you in a costume, so picturesque in itself, and so well adapted to the variable climate of Ireland, that scarcely any alteration can be desired. Their country flannel, thickened with oatmeal, and dyed with madder, a process which takes place at home, forms so good and substantial a petticoat, of a bright red colour, set in full plaits round the waist, that its warmth might well defy even the rudest of our western breezes. The gown, which is open before, with short sleeves, and a lined bodice, is of the same material, but generally of a chocolate brown colour. If an under-garment of linen, an unbleached linen apron, which is not very common it must be confessed, and a coloured cotton neckerchief be added, with a large blue or gray cloak thrown across the shoulders, you have as respectable a figure as can be wished for in the foreground of their mountain scenery. If unmarried, her glossy black or auburn hair will be turned in a very becoming madonna-like style behind her ears, and fastened with a large black pin; if married, you have but little chance of seeing it neatly kept, and therefore it as well that it should be concealed beneath a linen cap. I see that, regardless of my commendations, your

eye is fixed with surprise and disgust on her naked feet; but I pray you to remember, that she must traverse many a bog, and cross many a mountain stream, before she can reach her lowly cabin; and shoes and stockings, if she had them, would only prove an incumbrance. Indeed, I will candidly confess, that my eye is so much accustomed to the absence of these same shoes and stockings, and I am so well convinced of the disproportion that exists between the comfort they yield and the expense they occasion, that I should be very willing to enter into a compromise, and, if the rest of the wardrobe were in good order, allow the shoes and stockings to be laid by for Sundays and holidays. If such is the appearance of one of the best of the countrywomen of Ireland, you may easily conceive the change which negligence and poverty gradually produce. No linen at all is worn by the poor creature; her bright red petticoat becomes dingy and ragged; her gown hangs in strips; the neckerchief, if she have one, so dirty that its colours are undistinguishable; and the cap bears no appearance of ever having been bleached. In vain you look for the "gude gray cloak"—across her shoulders is thrown a square wrapper of flannel or cotton gown, borrowed for the occasion, and forming a drapery peculiar to this country, but neither becoming nor picturesque; or if the weather be rather cold the dirty blanket is taken from the bed, and drawn closely round both her head and shoulders.

### THE RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

Many of our readers are doubtless acquainted with the name of the Swiss doctor, Michael Schuppach, of Lengnau, in the Emmenthal, who was highly celebrated, and much in vogue in the last century. He is mentioned by Archdeacon Coxe, in his *Travels in Switzerland*, who himself consulted him. There was a time when people of distinction and fortune came to him, particularly from France and Germany, and even from more distant countries; and innumerable are the cures which he performed on patients given up by the regular physicians. There were once assembled in Michael Schuppach's laboratory, a great many distinguished persons from all parts of the world, partly to consult him, and partly out of curiosity; and among them, many French ladies and gentlemen, and a Russian prince, with his daughter, whose singular beauty attracted general attention. A young French marquess attempted, for the amusement of the ladies, to display his wit on the miraculous doctor; but the latter, though not much acquainted with the French language, answered so pertinently, that the marquess

had not the laugh on his side. During this conversation there entered an old peasant, meanly dressed, with a snow-white beard, a neighbour of Shuppach's. Schuppach directly turned away from his great company, to his old neighbour, and hearing that his wife was ill, set about preparing the necessary medicine for her, without paying much attention to his more exalted guests, whose business he did not think so pressing. The marquess was now deprived of one subject of his wit, and therefore chose for his butt the old man, who was waiting while his neighbour Michael was preparing something for his old Mary. After many silly jokes on his long white beard, he offered a wager of twelve louis d'ors, that none of the ladies would kiss the old dirty-looking fellow. The Russian princess hearing these words, made a sign to her attendant, who brought her a plate. The princess put twelve louis d'ors on it and had it carried to the marquess, who of course could not decline adding twelve others. Then the fair Russian went up to the old peasant with the long beard, and said, "Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the fashion of my country." Saying this, she embraced him, and gave him a kiss. She then presented him the gold which was on the plate, with these words: "Take this as a remembrance of me, and a sign that the Russian girls think it their duty to honour old age."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### OLD FURNITURE.

I LOVE old furniture. It revives a thousand agreeable associations, and reminds us of days of ease, comfort, and competence. When I see the comely chair, with its tall twisted back, so conveniently constructed to give repose to the human frame, and its extended arms, forming an ample resting-place to the tired elbows, I mourn the capriciousness of taste, which has deprived us of so convenient an article of domestic economy. We sit upon chairs 'tis true; but how unlike the chairs of our fore-fathers! No comfortable cushions; no tall, capacious backs; no ample seats, with room to spare. He who should venture a nap on a modern chair would risk the dislocation of his neck. Good reader; if you are six feet high, (which thank my stars, I am not) often must you have been vexed with these unsocial inconveniences. If you are an old man, perhaps you remember the time when after a hard bout at riding or walking, you have kicked off your travelling boots, snugly invested your feet in your warm slippers, and throwing yourself in your capacious arm-chair, have reclined your head upon its accommodating back; then bringing your

thumbs in comfortable juxta-position, you have sunk into a dose with as much facility and satisfaction, as if you had been reposing on your pillow. Those hours of enjoyment are passed. You have no chance of such a thing now-a-days. You may indeed manage an apology for a nap, supposing you are a short man, by hitching the hinder part of your head, hook-fashion, upon the back of your chair, protruding your heels, and reclining *in vacuo*, supported only by the edge of the seat; but this is a perilous situation and the odds are twenty to one, that your worship and the floor become near acquaintance.

The vanity of self-contemplation has alone preserved the mirror as an article of furniture for the drawing-room. But modern innovation has done its best to strip it of all its ancient splendour. It is no longer inclosed in the curiously curved oaken frame, or the perforated gold one. A barbarous taste has on many occasions even displaced the glass from its old tenure, to invest it in a gew-gaw enclosure of modern invention, while its former companion has either been thrown in the lumber room, or doomed to the ignominious office of lighting the fire.

There is one article of old fashioned furniture, whose dismissal I sincerely deplore. I mean the screen. To say nothing of its convenience, for hiding a pretty girl, or concealing you from a dun, it was a vastly comfortable appendage on cold winter nights, to keep the wind from your shoulders. You could collect your snug family party round the fire, and throw an air of social comfort over the circle, truly delightful. Then were the times for "quips and quirks and wreathed smiles;" then the enigma, the rebus, and the conundrum puzzled the young, and amused the old; the tale and joke and spiced wine went round, and Winter, stripped of all his terrors, laughed merrily, and enjoyed the scene. The screen was also a pleasing vehicle for taste and ingenuity. Its decorations were often of the most splendid and fanciful description:—classical paintings, wreaths and boquets of flowers, or beautiful japanned gold work; impressing the eye with a sense of elegance and grandeur, as well as convenience.

I venerate the collectors of china. They remind one of the searches after the organic remains of a former world; and I love the careful spirit which prompts them to secure from the vain touch of the vulgar, and to shield from the handling of careless fingers, these relics of the infancy of tea-drinking. A complete antique tea equipage, is a rare sight. It is absolutely refreshing to the eyes of a connoisseur to behold one in an undiminished state of preservation. The queer-shaped tea-pot; the Lilliputian cups and saucers, scarcely one-half the modern

size, and whose diminutive appearance, marked the sense of luxury which was formerly attached to the infusion of the Chinese herb; the tall beaker, the canister, and the delightful et-ceteras which made up the ancient complement of the tea-table;—to behold, I say, in its pristine perfection, without crack or blemish, such a coup-d'œil of oriental elegance, is worth all the exertions of the moderns in this way, with their correct taste, and the classical *a-la-Grecque* porcelain of the French, into the bargain. There is beauty in the very eccentricity of old china, which modern ingenuity cannot attain. The droll figures, unlike anything "in heaven above or earth beneath;" the sprawling dragons, infinitely shaped, and with no anatomical marks of distinction, by which to discern the head from the tail; the uncouth ornaments, like the no-meaning pattern of a Turkey carpet; the brilliant colours,—red, blue and gold;—all present a striking combination, which a purer taste in vain attempts to emulate.

When I cast my eyes towards the ceiling of an antique habitation, and to observe the rich stucco ornaments, or the paintings *al fresco*, that adorn it, and carry them down to the inconsequential articles of furniture that occupy the floor,—the cabinet piano, with its profusion of silk curtains and gilt-work, the petite chairs, the squab couches, the window hangings, with their varnished rods and tasselled finery, all in the pretty taste of gew-gaw and glitter, the contrast between the sober dignity of the room itself, and the pettiness of its ornaments, strikes forcibly on my mind. There is an incongruity that even habit cannot reconcile. I insensibly revert to the days, when damask curtains of splendid hue and intrinsic worth adorned those windows that are now decked out with the valueless gaudery of the linen-drapeer; when those deserted walls were covered with the paintings; when the place of those slightly fashioned tables that stand between the lofty windows were occupied by slabs of beautifully veined marble, supported by satyrs' thighs finely wrought in bronze or gilded brass; when the chimney-glass was surrounded by a frame of tortoiseshell, beautifully inlaid with mother-o'-pearl, and cut glass lustres glittered from gilded scenes, reflecting in the mirrors the fair forms of ladies rustling in silks and satins, sipping their coffee in antique porcelain, and waited on by an ebony-faced juvenile from Africa, whose sable hue threw an air of romantic enchantment round the circle, as it contrasted with the lovely faces that smiled and prattled as they quaffed the refreshing beverage. Ye lovers of good taste! revive the fashions of our forefathers, or pull down the memorials of their enjoyments,—their habitations.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

Finding it necessary to make a new arrangement for conducting the editorial department of the MINERVA, the Publishers beg the indulgence of their Patrons for their want of punctuality in furnishing them with the present number.

The same cause may delay the next number a few days beyond the regular time of delivery; after which they confidently hope to be able to observe the same punctuality in publishing the paper as heretofore.

Hereafter all orders, remittances, and communications for the Minerva, must be addressed to the publishers by name; and no payments for said paper will be acknowledged, except made to them or their authorised agents.

E. BLISS AND E. WHITE.

New York, April 23, 1825.

## THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

A bill was lately passed in the legislature of this state to incorporate the "United States Gas Light Company in the City of New York;" also a bill to authorize the surveying and selling of Grand Island. Several other bills have been passed for encouraging internal improvements, among which is one authorizing the survey of 17 canal routes in this state.

No less than *nine* millions of stock were subscribed for on opening the books of the New York Water Works Company on Monday last. The capital is two millions.

During the year 1824 there were 1624 new buildings erected in this city, of which 728 are brick or stone; 503 having brick fronts and 401 of wood; 49 of one story, 1298 of two stories, 228 of three stories, and 49 of 4 stories and upwards.

## MARRIED,

Mr. J. W. S. Howe to Miss E. Lee.  
Mr. R. B. Boyd to Miss M. A. Sniffen.  
Mr. J. Merseilles to Miss J. Van Riper.  
Mr. A. Chichester to Miss S. A. Regur.  
Mr. W. S. Arthur to Miss S. A. Brush.  
Mr. J. T. Walden to Miss B. H. Willet.  
Mr. T. Bovee to Miss M. McLaughlin.  
Mr. W. Brown to Miss E. M. Anderson.

## DIED,

Mrs. S. A. Langdon,  
Mrs. H. Rapelye, aged 93 years.  
John Marshall, aged 19 years.  
Mrs. J. Gay, aged 51 years.  
Mrs. E. Polhemus, aged 49 years.  
Mr. J. C. Smith, aged 21 years.  
J. B. Ackerman, aged 26 years.  
Mr. T. Mills, aged 25 years.

## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

TO MISS C\*\*\*\*\*.

IT was a transient dream of bliss,  
Fraught with more than mortal pleasure;  
And woke my young heart's tenderness,  
As moving to the lively measure,  
Through the dances maze we bounded,—  
As heaven's softest breezes, light,—  
By grace and joyous mirth surrounded,  
While o'er our hearts ruled quick delight.

Young Fanny, gaily threw around us  
A veil that she had wove in heaven,  
While love in dearest slavery bound us,—  
And all romance's charms were given  
Our mutual joy still more to heighten,—  
Our thoughts to bear away from earth,—  
Our hearts from every care to lighten;  
By union with gay laughing mirth.

But transient was Love's early dream,—  
For reason rudely broke the spell,  
And o'er us fate did sternly gleam,  
And fancy's power abruptly quell;  
Romance has ceased her flattering sway,  
And left my heart to truth's cold light,—  
Gay mirth has flown far away,  
Fate's banished this enchantment bright!  
D\*\*\*\*\*s.

### SONG.

Haste to the woodlands! see, the sun  
Full half his morning course hath run!  
The thistle leaves the hawthorn hedge—  
The wild-duck seeks the sheltering sedge—  
The shepherd, as he wends along  
The hill-side, trolls his matin song;  
All Nature smiles, serene and gay,  
Then to the woodlands haste away!

What is the crowded city, rife  
With all the ills of social life?—  
What all its pomp, scarce seen ere past,  
Like meteor midnight's murky vast?  
Oh! what are those, when the young eye  
May gaze on heaven's unclouded sky?—  
What, but the baubles of a day?—  
Then to the woodlands haste away!

Haste to the woodlands! see, the sun  
Full half his noontide course hath run!  
The sheep instinctive seek the glade—  
The swine-herd courts the beechen shade—  
The flow'rets, in th' enamel'd mead,  
No longer dew-dropt, hang their head;  
Fatigued the school-boy rests from play,—  
Then to the woodlands haste away!

Oh! who, when scenes like these are found  
To throw a charm on all around,—

Who, free from life's fictitious care,  
Blighted ambition, dark despair,  
And all the thousand woes that wait  
Around the sleepless couch of state,—  
Oh! who from such retreat would stay?  
Then to the woodlands haste away!

Haste to the woodlands! see, the sun  
Full half his evening course hath run!  
The thrush re-seeks the hawthorn bough—  
The sheep regain the mountain brow—  
The flowers uplift the pendant head,  
And round their mingled odours spread:  
The swine-herd, too, has left the brae—  
Then to the woodlands haste away!

### SPRING.

Delicious as the mingling songs of spring,  
As lark's loud hymning to the dewy hours,  
Or earliest opening of sweet-lipped flowers,  
Which we have watched from their first blossoming;  
Wild as the notes which some white hand will fling  
From new-strung harp, unweeting of its powers;  
Glad as that happy song the bee doth sing  
When he sees summer decking out her bowers;  
Sweet as the voice of a blithe-hearted maid  
When she is blithest, or the seldom heard  
Impassionate lay that love doth serenade  
A mistress with, taking her like a bird,—  
Are these first voicings of thy early lyre, [sire.  
Which Spenser pleased might hear, who was thy genius

### STANZAS FROM PETRARCA.

"*Chiare dolci e fresche acque,*" &c. &c.

Ye limpid waters, happy stream,  
Where oft with chaste alarms,  
Fair Laura, from the noontide beam  
Refreshed her matchless charms.

Ye branches, by whose leaves caressed  
Her beauties sheltered lay,  
Whose stems her polished bosom pressed,  
More favoured still than they.

And thou, sweet air, with amorous breeze,  
That o'er my senses stole,  
And scarcely felt by Aspin trees,  
In transport wrapt my soul.

Witness ye gentle tokens all,  
That oft recall my sighs,  
Let not my plaint unheeded fall,  
Nor my last prayer despise.

If these sad eyes high heaven ordains  
In bitter tears to close,  
'Mongst you then let my poor remains  
In hoping peace repose.

### LES BAISERS.

Bertin.—Book III.—Elegy VI.

"Oh, heav'n! your lips are like a rose,  
I taste its fragrance in your breath:  
Even with the thought my bosom glows,  
Kiss me, or I shall burn to death.

Again, again." "There—Basil—there—  
Ten, twenty, all that you require :"—  
"A hundred insufficient are,  
A thousand will not quench my fire.

Give me as many as the grapes  
That Pomar or Arbois display,  
Or golden grains that autumn heaps,  
Or sands of ocean's broadest bay.

Count me the number of the stars  
The moonless, cloudless night reveals ;  
Kiss me from when the dawn appears,  
Till twilight o'er the landscape steals.

Yet, when the rosy twilight reigns,  
My thirst, my passion, is not o'er—  
The fever rages in my veins,  
And I shall beg a thousand more !"

### THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

The dim veil of twilight now shadows the dwelling,  
That home, where my childhood in innocence past :  
And deep sighs of anguish my bosom are swelling,  
As I think what I was, when I gaz'd on it last.

Then, gaily o'er mountain and valley I bounded,  
When morning's warm blush, brighten'd cavern and  
flood, [sounded,  
And the mellow-ton'd horn, through each deep glen re-  
As up sprang the hart, from his lair in the wood.

And then in the ev'ning when flowers were closing,  
And the stars hung their tremulous watch-lights above ;  
In the wide-spreading shade of the green elm reposing,  
I felt the soft kiss of a fond mother's love.

Now, vainly the morning arises in gladness,  
Diffusing its lustre o'er tower, and tree ;  
I gaze on its radiant glories in sadness,  
And feel this bright world is a desert to me.

I have fought on the field, where the loud trumpet  
braving  
Its soul-stirring summons, to victory led,  
Mid the groans of the wounded, the shouts of the slaying,  
'The flashing of steel, and the wail for the dead.

I've return'd to the dwelling my infancy cherished,  
To find it enshrouded in silence and gloom,  
The friends so belov'd of my childhood,—all perish'd,  
And cold in the dreaded embrace of the tomb.

### NOTTURNO.

The daylight has long been sunk under the billow,  
And zephyr its absence is mourning in sighs ;  
Then Dora, my dearest arise from your pillow,  
And make the night day with the suns of your eyes.

Kind heaven, that none might be fairer than you  
Has broken the bright mould, which formed you in  
two ;  
And 'tis you, love, alone can your image renew,  
Then rise, dearest Dora, ah, prithee, love, do !

Pretty star of my soul ! Heav'n's stars all out-shining ;  
Sweet dream of my slumbers ! ah, love, pray you  
rise ;  
Enchantress ! all hearts in your fetters entwining,  
To my ears you are music, and light to my eyes.

To my anguish you're balm, to my pleasure you're bliss  
To my touch you are joy : there's the world in you're  
kiss :

Day is not day with me if your presence I miss ;  
Ah, no ! 'tis a night cold and moonless as this.

## ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all  
Despise not the value of things that are small."

### Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—XIII. VIII.

PUZZLE II.—Table.

### NEW PUZZLES.

#### I.

Kitty, a fair but frozen maid,  
Kindled a flame I yet deplore :  
The hood-wink'd boy I call to aid,  
Though of his near approach afraid,  
So fatal to my suit before.

At length, propitious to my pray'r,  
The little urchin willing came  
From earth, I saw him mount in air,  
And soon he cur'd with dex'trous care  
The bitter relics of my flame.

Say by what title, or what name,  
I shall this busy youth address :  
Cupid and he are not the same,  
Though both can raise or quench a flame ;  
I'm sure 'twill please you if you guess.

#### II.

My face is smooth and wondrous bright,  
Which mostly I keep out of sight  
Within my house ; how that is made  
Shall with much brevity be said :  
Compos'd with timber and with skin,  
Cover'd with blankets warm within :  
Here I lie snug, unless in anger,  
I look out sharp suspecting danger ;  
For I'm a blade of mighty wrath,  
Whene'er provok'd, I sally forth ;  
Yet quarrels frequently decide ;  
But ne'er am known to change my side.  
Though e'er so much our party vary,  
In all disputes my point I carry.  
Thousands by me are daily fed,  
As many laid among the dead.  
I travel into foreign parts ;  
But not in coach conveyed, or carts.  
Ladies, for you I often war,  
Then in return my name declare.

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